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# TIGHTWIRE

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THE NEW TIGHTWIRE
March - April, 1976
Volume II - Edition II

The TIGHTWIRE is a publication printed every second month, presented by the inmates of the Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. We wish to dissolve the barriers of physical imprisonment by sharing our attempts to free ourselves from the mental bondages that engulf us. Our printed words are meant to educate, not alienate you. They are the expressed thoughts, feelings, ideas and attitudes which issue forth from the brains of a writer. These are her/his sole possessions and wings toward freedom. Therefore, the contents herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the administration. We welcome advice or criticism from you, the reader, and will be happy to print your articles or letters. Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

Please address all inquiries, correspondence, checks or money orders for subscriptions to:

TIGHTWIRE
P.O. Box 515
Kingston, Ontario

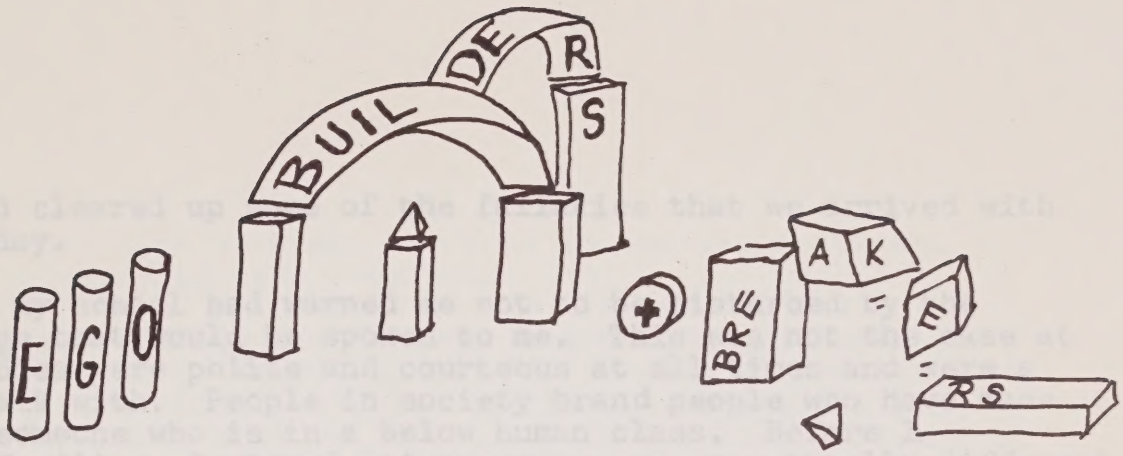
EDITORIAL COMMITTEE FOR TIGHTWIRE

Nancy Ward-Armour B.J. Beasley

Roswitha Hubbard - Guest Artist

Subscription Rate: Six Issues - $2.00

TIGHTWIRE STARS




Dear Editorial Committee:

May I say how much the staff of the Women's Bureau of the Ontario Ministry of Labour enjoyed the recent issue of TIGHTWIRE. We were impressed with the competent writing style and touched by the depth of feeling expressed by many of the contributors.

We noted that several articles expressed concern about employment opportunities for prisoners once they are on the outside. I am enclosing some of the publications of the Women's Bureau which provide useful information on jobs for women and on labour legislation pertaining to women. Additional copies of any of the enclosed materials are available on request.

I would also like to call your attention to the fact that the Ontario Human Rights Code is currently under review. Submissions are being invited from individuals and groups on suggested amendments to the Code. As the law stands, women such as yourselves may be denied jobs, training, promotions, transfers or housing because of your jail records. Discrimination on this ground is not covered by the Ontario Human Rights Code although it is covered by the Human Rights legislation of British Columbia.

If the contributors to TIGHTWIRE feel strongly about this issue, may I suggest that you all pool your writing talent and prepare a brief to the Commission urging that the law be changed to protect ex-inmates from discrimination. Briefs should be sent to the Human Rights Commission, 12th Floor, 400 University Avenue, Toronto.

Best Wishes,

Judy Stoffman
Communications Coordinator
Women's Bureau
Ministry of Labour

Dear Sir:

I would first like to thank you for giving the orchestra an opportunity to perform in your institution. It was a very educational experience

for us all and cleared up some of the fallacies that we arrived with on that Thursday.

Teachers from my school had warned me not to be disturbed by the coarse language that would be spoken to me. This was not the case at all as the ladies were polite and courteous at all times and were a pleasure to talk with. People in society brand people who have made a mistake as someone who is in a below human class. Before I visited your facility, I viewed prisoners as some one totally different from myself with no common interests. I was pleasantly surprised to find out I was wrong. It would do everyone a deal of good if they could associate with the prisoners and find out that they are not a group of low intelligence, uncontrollable maniacs, but a group of ladies who just made the wrong decisions in life.

Thank you again for giving us the chance to see the realistic life of the prison.

Yours truly,

Merilee MacKay
Ingersoll District Collegiate Institute

(Editorial Comment: Merilee is a member of the Ingersoll District Collegiate Institute's Orchestra and Band which brought their 80 odd members to play at KP4W in early Spring. Two more letters from members of the same group follow. These high schoolers were aged 15-19)

Dear Sir:

Having visited your prison we were asked to send our evaluation to you.

Entering the prison we were full of misconceptions, false impressions, and were apprehensive about our forthcoming concert. But, leaving the penitentiary, we feel that we now possess a greater insight into the reality of prison life.

Our expectations of life behind bars have been created mostly by television and as a result we expected to find hostile inmates in uniforms who were radical, militant and bitter. Instead, upon entering the auditorium we found ourselves in a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere which eased any apprehension we had built up. During the concert we were impressed by the enthusiastic reception of our music. But the most significant part was the social afterwards. Sure enough women were real human beings who conversed comfortably with us. As we review our visit we thing that we came out with a far more comprehensive understanding of prison life and a favourable impression of the people there.

Thank you for the experience.

Yours truly,

Paul Henderson
June Hutcheson
Cathy Sims

Dear Friends:

We got your letter last week and everyone in the orchestra was surprised and pleased to hear from you.

The best concert we played was for the penitentiary and honestly, you were our best audience. We really had fun playing volleyball with you afterwards. The social hour was interesting and educational. When we got inside it wasn't what we expected. It was almost identical to our school gym. From the outside, before we went in it really scared you, especially having all our stuff searched.

We received your issues of TIGHTWIRE. It was really enjoyable to read. Many of the people in the orchestra took it home to read and those who weren't in the orchestra were also interested in reading it.

On returning from our Kingston-Dundas trip, the first question we were asked was what it was like in the penitentiary.

We enjoyed it very much.

Yours truly

Arlene Wright
Terry Esseltine
1st Violinists
Ingersoll DCI Band

Dear Editor:

I've had the opportunity to read recent issues of TIGHTWIRE and found it to be rather interesting and informative. Keep up the Good Work!

Margaret E. Vineberg
Ottawa, Ontario

Hello:

A group of women associated with the Women's Press are trying to set up a leftist women's library. We are collecting together books, pamphlets, papers, etc. dealing with women's issues. We are interested in receiving your publication on a more definite basis. Could you send information and feedback that you think would help us?

Thank you,

Lynne Heller
The Women's Press
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Comrades:

At the present I am incarcerated here at Lorton, Virginia USA and would appreciate any and all forms of literature that would be of use in helping me develop my consciousness.

The struggle continues,

R. Earle
Lorton, Virginia

(Editorial Comment: The following poem was written by Mr. Earle and he's asked that we share it with you.)

"...what other people say or think of an individual
is unimportant, if you, yourself know their real being"

REBEL WOMAN

Bold and Beautiful Warrior/You who are always conscious
Of the oppression that exists around you/Denying yourself
The things and pleasures that we who are less fortunate
In consciousness indulge/Fighting, struggle constantly
To bring about the hidden thoughts we all have of Utopia
Into reality

Suffering/Suffering/Pain and burdens that is your continuous
Plight/That is there for all to see/If they wish to relate with
The reality of the inner you/The sensitive you that is
Hidden until one witnesses the exhange of words that is shared
With your daughter/The glance/The confident manner that is
Projected, the warmth that is manifested/During those brief
Seconds the reality of your inner being is.

Continue to struggle, dare to win, don't change because I love you the way that you are REBEL WOMAN.

Dear Book Review Editor:

Enclosed are copies of two of Pathfinder's recent publications: Women in China, by Katie Curtin, and Woman's Evolution: From Matriachal Clan to Patriarchal Family, by Evelyn Reed. Both authors

write from a feminist and socialist viewpoint. We hope that you will consider reviewing these publications for your magazine, TIGHT-WIRE.

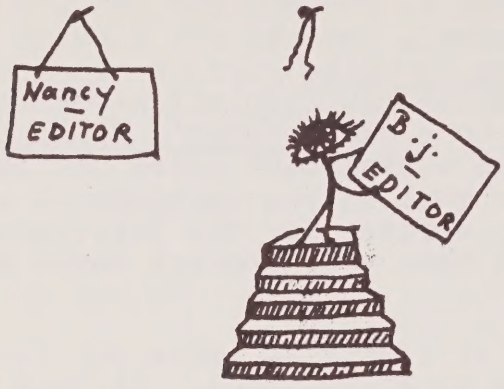
There are great numbers of women in our society who are coming to feminist and socialist conclusions, and who are looking for answers to their many questions. Women in China gives a concise picture of the status of women in China since the Revolution--of the progress made and of the struggles yet to c ome. Woman's Evolution gives some answers and insights into woman's evolution since the beginning of history, and describes woman's role in the development of society. It is an anthropological study written for the layperson and is very exciting reading. We are sure that your readers would be interested in these publications.

We have been receiving copies of TIGHTWIRE since you first began publishing and look forward to each new issue. We look forward to seeing reviews of the publications enclosed and appreciate your interest in Pathfinder Press.

Regards,

Diana Austman
Pathfinder Press
Toronto, Ontario

# TIGHTWIRE - NEWS




Stakes n Stairs by B.J.

This is my last issue as editor of the NEW TIGHTWIRE and I'd like to say a few words of farewell. My initial purpose in joining TIGHTWIRE was to get it rolling off the presses. I've hung on long enough to see it once again established as an integral part of KP4W. With that accomplished, I can leave it in the hands of those who are seriously into journalism.

I'm pleased to see that this issue has ten contributors--the most I've seen since the NEW TIGHTWIRE began re-printing in December, 1974. I hope this means future issues will include a more balanced input of articles rather than being top heavy with editorials.

There is now a sizeable number of newcomers to the prison and I hope some or one of them take(s) the opportunity to become involved in the Editorial Committee of the TIGHTWIRE. The TIGHTWIRE's importance, I feel, lies in its being the only inmate work placement that gives the inmate an opportunity to exercise a high degree of organizational and decision-making skills.

I've enjoyed working on the TIGHTWIRE and in the future I hope to contribute with occasional articles. Good luck, Nancy, and Good-bye!

Peace,

B.J.

IN

# MEMORIAM

## NATION WIDE HUNGER STRIKE AUGUST 10 FOR ALL PRISONS

By Sandy MacDonnell

A nationwide appeal has been made to all inmates in Canada's prisons to observe August 10 as a day of mourning.

The appeal was made by inmates of Millhaven Institution who are presently protesting against conditions of the prison. The conditions recently resulted in another death in the segregation unit. Robert Landers passed away assumedly from natural causes May 21, 1976. An inquest will be held in September. Also mourned will be Edward Nalon, a suicide victim, in the segregation unit in 1974.

The protest is an appeal to inmates' demands to have the emergency call system resurrected in the unit. It has been out of order for a number of years and the inmates feel that both deaths might have been PREVENTED had it been in working order. A similar strike took place last year and the response at the Prison for Women was over 90% of all inmates participating.

## SOLICITOR GENERAL OUT OF TOUCH WITH P4W

By nancy ward-armour

On Monday June 7, Warren Allmand, Solicitor General of Canada paid a rare visit to the Prison for Women.

After a brief tour he met with the Inmate Committee for a half hour question and answer period. Many of the questions posed to him were unanswerable due to his admitted lack of knowledge regarding our sitation.

One of the pressing matters brought to his attention was the closing of the Women's Minimum Security Annex last year. The Annex suffered a short lifespan of two years. It's capacity to house was approximately 15. (The purpose of an annex is to remove minimum security risks out of a maximum setting.) The women's annex had in general, only accepted those close to release or on day parole. This defeats its purpose as we do have a half way house for day parolees. Inmates have been led to believe that the closure was due to lack of operating funds. The Solicitor General asserted he was under the assumption we were closed due to lack of inmates who qualified as minimum. Regional Director, Arthur Trono, interjected with the statement, "there was lack of programs to keep the inmates busy." This situation, (the lack of programs) we explained exists also in the prison for women itself. The reason for the annex's closure is still vague. High on our list of priorities was the program to transfer women back to their own province. An agreement had been made with most of the provinces, excluding Ontario, however the women feel the provinces have not been fair in their selection. Few women get back to their home provinces and an increasing number have been sent back to Prison for Women. The Solicitor General was unaware that the program had been so onesided in its selection. Also the provinces have claimed lack of room, in some instances, and those who had been following the program quite reasonably seem to be faltering of late. Mr. Allmand again agreed he was unaware of this.

Touching on the topic of the lack of any psychiatric care facilities for federal female inmates, the minister was aware of our lack of this, but, unaware that recently one psychiatric institution had just accepted two of our women, and may be prepared to do so in the future. This was a cause championed by the E. Fry Society who were the main negotiaters. Hopefully, the Solicitor General will place this on his list of priorities to ensure that women with severe psychiatric disorders will have access to the treatment they require. This should not be looked upon as a privilege, but a basic human need.

We also expressed our need for more custodial staff. The Prison for Women is at present lacking in enough staff to enable the women to take full advantage of yard exercise. This problem is an old one and the minister explained common to most institu-

tions.

Once again we mention the general depreciation in the living areas of the prison, and the lack of workcrews to handle the problem. Inquiring as to whether he was shown these areas during the tour of the building he had received that day, he admitted he had not. Mr. Allmand then asserted he would view these before he left that day. He expressed his belief that because the future of the prison for women was still uncertain, this may be the reason. We explained the overall renovations and repairs that have and are still being carried out through every area of the building except living units which is the worst area of deterioration. We further stated that this surely indicated the building was going to be used for quite some time. He was duly shown the piles of plaster and gaping holes in the walls of our cellblocks and cells.

Our chief concern was the question of male guards in the living areas. The Solicitor General explained that, "traditionally" the male guards role was that of perimeter duties (security surrounding the building). In fact the male guards are now permitted to wander into any area, are being used to search cells, remove women to segregation, and intercede in most any altercation. For years the female guards, who are trained to handle this, have done so with very few incidents of violence. Male guards were used only in extreme circumstances. The minister cited that, with the new legislation regarding job description, male and females are moving into areas that were traditionally a role of only one of the sexes. We reiterated that there is not one female guard in all of the mens prisons in Canada. We believe it is very degrading to have male guards in the living areas. In these areas we should have privacy as even female inmates do bathe, dress, undress, and yes, we even wear nighties.

We also protested having a husband and wife holding a position within the same institution. Especially when their duties include custody and security of the inmates. No direct answer was given to this matter.

Briefly we touched the topic of Mandatory Parole and the Peace and Security Bill. The minister confirmed our fears that mandatory was here to stay. He further stated that the new bill allows for a full one third of our sentence to be 'earned remission' for good behaviour and that this will indeed be served on Mandatory parole. However, he explained that we finally have the legal right to refuse mandatory, which will result in serving your good time in the prison. The choice is ours. With that happy note we expressed our dismay at the lengthy sentencing proposed to abolish capital punishment. We were pleased with one section of the Bill, the abolition of capital punishment. He also added he was not in favor of such drastic measures but, they are the only alternatives the public may accept towards total abolition of the death penalty. Mr. Allmand's visit to the P4W was welcomed as a long overdue event and expresses our hope that in the future we will not be neglected due to our minority in numbers.

# A THOUGHT
By Beda Berndtsson

As the early dawn comes I think of your body
rising in warmth and falling in soft slumber.
I know your dreams of today must fade, for
today it will be no better than before.
We must do the best we can, with what has
been given to us;
And live the best we can, for life is real
and can hurt us if we don't.

As the days go by I run silently and swiftly
to reach my destination.
Thinking as I go of the regret and despair
we must face.
At tomorrow's departures it is strange that
after so short a time we must return to ourselves.
To our own minds and decisions.
Why must we face this???
Why must we be forced down again to that space
from which we've just emerged?

As I reach the thought I hesitate
Will this be the last time
The last happiness we will know
Perhaps years will pass--yet we are
forced to accept it.
Because we are not the world of decision

Finally in my heart
I realize this isn't the end
It is only the beginning of our youth,
Our love and happiness.
It is only---
Our first departure.

MOTHER OF ILLUSION
By Marcella Levi

The pitiful mother of illusion
hides her time-scarred love
behind a veil of silken sublimination
and only then
when the silver sliver of moon
hides
behind her veil of cotton clouds
will she unveil
in invisible trance
stretching thoughts
unto the ceiling of cosmicity
reflecting faded facts
of life
of those
who could not lift a veil
not yet
And as the rhythm of her rocking chair
rocks the beat of time
she faces what is
through her mirrored window

# TIGHTWIRE GUIDE TO INTERNATIONAL JOINTS

This guide is for the more selective criminal, the one who chooses a "hotel" discriminately. To help you with your future bookings, we have contacted four on the spot reporters: Bartz in Mexico, Santu in Denmark, Anonymous in England and Del in USA. Our own Correspondent Reporter, D. F. Martin gives a descriptive account of Klong Prem Prison in Bongkok, Thailand.

As most people new to the crime gig have a tremendously difficult time trying to decide which country is most hospitable (this is primarily for the international minded criminal) we have listed the following holiday "hotels" in an easy to read manner and have rated them with stars according to their merits.

* Absolutely Crummy Joint
* * Pretty Crummy Joint
* * * O.K. But Still a Joint
* * * * Far Out, Highly Recommended

Unfortunately, there are no four star accomodations listed. If you, the reader, happen to run across one please notify us immediately. We'd like to keep the Guide up to date.

* KLONG PREM PRISON
Bangkok Thailand
By D. F. Martin

An apercue on Bangkok special jail. Thailand is a lovely country. A place to relax and take the sun. Perfect for a holiday. It is very Americanized (Pepsi Cola, motorways, high rise buildings). The salaries are very low for example a maid that cooks, cleans, takes care of children is paid $40.00 a month. Eighty per cent of the population lives in ghettos.

They are having a lot of problems now with the Communists moving in the Americans moving out and the government reversed a bit too often.

My husband is doing time there on narcotic charges and has a couple of years to do. I went over for three months and visited him weekly. I know that any jail is a drag, I am in one. But, out there it is not human, very primitive in their ways.

The building is made of stone, looks like a snapshot of the 18th century. It actually is 90 to 100 years old. It was originally built for 500 inmates but there were over 1,000 when I was there. I remember well the 15 towers with three guards in each, machine guns all over.

Only one man ever escaped from there, they got him back.

They have no respect for life, it is the kind of place where you take a judge hostage and they will shoot you and him.

There is no space, 50 guys per room, no beds, 2 bowls of rice a day, no baths, no showers.

Take Notice: The foreigners, are allowed to spend one dollar a day on other food. They can move into a less crowded area (25 per room) if they can pay on a regular basis for their space.

They also can buy a bed.

As for washing, every morning, one guy after the other gets a pail of water thrown on him.

I never saw my husband privately; always behind the screen. I needed a recommended letter from the Embassy for each visit. If I did not have it, I could get in by tipping the guards, it would cost $20 to $30.

Inside the joint, the guards walk around with sticks. Each time a prisoner walks in front of a guard, he has to make a bow, if he doesn't bend enough, he gets the sticks. It is very common that a Thai prisoner is beaten to death. There is an average of five deaths per month. The foreigners are not threatened as much because of certain government policies. Most of them are American G.I.'s.

The Klong Prem Prison also has a system of Trustees which I classify as horrible. The Trustees are prisoners with long sentences. They are the so-called bouncers; trained to guard and report on other prisoners. They also carry and use the stick.

If you get busted for being under the influence or in a fight, you get 3 months in the hole. It's called the dark room: 4 ft. high concrete, no lights, only the rice. There is always 12 to 20 guys in each hole.

The Prison is full of dope inside. One ounce of pure heroin costs $100. Three-quarters of the inmates are strung out. There are no programs. No system of parole. They have amnesty on the King or Queen's birthdays. The last amnesty they took a couple of years off everybody's sentence, except heroin cases.

Because of International laws and agreements, my husband has to do his time there and afterwards be deported.

The maximum for exporting heroin out of Thailand is the death penalty: the firing squad.

And life goes on.....

* * ANONYMOUS IN ENGLAND

Well, you can't get put in the bird cage I am in unless you have been in the Army, Navy or Air Force. It's an army nick. Just on the outside of a town called Colchester.

There are 60 other girls in the nick and the other 800 are all guys. We never get to see them though as they keep us apart. All us birds in our cage keep or have a cell to our selves. Mine's 10 by 12 feet with a single bed, not too hard with bed side locker, a stool and writing table, also I have a carpet on the floor with a wash basin, soap and hand towel, cotton wool, baby powder, toilet roll and bed pan. Some reading books and magazines, one tin cup and one tin jug in which to put flowers if we like. My cell has a small window with thick iron bars across it and an iron cell door as well.

We get worked hard in our cage. We have to clean our own cell floors every day, until you can see your mug in them they tell us, and on top of that we have to darn and sew up the guys clothes for them as well as washing and ironing them.

....got a hall and we have to strip down and play net ball and tennis in that as well.

We got a radio set and T.V. They let us see up till 10:00 p.m. We have to be up by 6:30 a.m. and dressed. If we are dressed untidy we get locked back up in our cells again for a whole day.

Well now I'll give it a rest...bye for now. Please giv e my love to all.

* BARTZ IN MEXICO

I would love to tell you all sorts of things about this jail, but where do I start? You see everything is so hodge podge around here--nothing makes sense. Even the fact that we are all still here is ridiculous!

When you first arrive, you are taken to a small room in the basement where they take your street clothes and deposit them in a wire basket--you never see these clothes again because they get stolen 2 weeks later. Then you are supposed to be issued 2 sheets, 1 bedspread, 1 pillow, 1 blanket, 1 white blouse, 1 blue skirt and 1 white sweater. In reality you get 1 ill fitting, worn and torn blue skirt and 1 sheet and pillow. If you're lucky you get 1 white blouse with heavy pit odor and if the gods favor you, a dirty blanket is thrown in. Now you are on your own to find friends, a room, a bed, a mattress, another sheet, some food, a comb, a tooth brush and on and on....

There is usually a welcome committee around that will help you find the things you need--once you find friends everything else starts to fall into place.

As far as we've ever been able to establish, the rules go something like this: (1) Foreigners get one collect phone call a month if you can maintain your sanity long enough to put up with a lot of "mananas" (meaning an indefinite time in the future) or several "un minutos" (meaning one minute that lasts 48 hours). The Mexicans get one phone call a week. (2) No one may hit or cuss at the guards. (3) Everyone is required to wear a prison uniform during visits (4) Everyone is required to keep their bra and panties on while sun bathing in the yard. There are a whole bunch of other rules that are made up on the spot by power minded guards, but we don't pay much attention to those--in fact, we don't pay much attention to any of the rules aside from the first part of number 2.

The schedule of daily events is Monday, morning list (head count) at 8:30. Also at 8:30 is breakfast (always stale rolls and warm milk with a filmy scum on top) 9:00 - 11:30 garden. 11:30 - 1:00 sun bath. 1:30 List 2:00 lunch (always beans, cold lumpy, sticky white rice with rinkled peas in it, greasy noodle soup and some kind of boiled meat with lots of fat stuff on it--sometimes we get chicken and chiken foot soup instead of the usual slop) 9:00 p.m. List 11:30 p.m. Lock doors and lights out. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the same as Monday except on Tuesday some of the Americans go to Santa Marta Mens's Prison for intimate visits with their old men and Thursday some others go to Leccumberri for the same reason from 10:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Wednesday and Friday are visiting days from 2:00 to 5:00 and list at 5:30. Sunday is general visiting day from 10:00 to 5:00 outside and all over the first

floor. At 5:30 and 9:30 List.

None of the north americans eat the food here, though they're really desperate! Inbetween all that list stuff, we all have our different things we do. Most of us are into craft type things like leather work, beading, sewing, embroidery, crochet, etc. etc. etc. We teach each other or else learn from books. There is also two dance classes -- Aztec Indian and Mexican Folklore. About 20 Americans take advantage of this.

I'm getting crazy into a pair of apache Indian moccasins of rust colored suede.

Be happy.

* * DEL IN USA

The Prison I am in is London Correctional Institute in London, Ohio.

To me the State of Ohio is not a rehabilitation state, if you want to better yourself you have to meet state qualifications! I myself am taking a correspondence course in management and because of the dorm type of living, I cannot study, due to the noise and distractions and being bothered by other inmates. I asked if I could take three afternoons a week from work so I could study from the school area. The answer was NO! But they will let another inmate that works where I do, take off five afternoons a week to go take pictures in the visiting room and charge $1.25 per picture.

As for jobs, they will not place you on a job you are best suited for. We work approximately 200 hours a month and get paid $20.00 per month. And, if you make suggestions, they don't like you to have freedom of speech and they will threaten to throw you in the hole.

I work in a garment shop running a sewing machine which I don't like, they have a quota of 4 dozen pair of pants to make per day. If you don't make four dozen they throw you in the hole.

As for living conditions, we live in dorms and the smallest is a 120 inmates, we have about 3 feet between bunks and stale atmosphere, poor air, one foot locker and that's all. Otherwords we have very poor living conditions.

As for parole, if you have a past record you will not make a parole. The parole board gives out more time on your past record than anything. I would call this double jeopardy--given time for something that you all ready spent time for.

* * * SANTU IN DENMARK

....I've been keeping Hamlet's ghost company "something's rotten in the State of Denmark."

Upon my arriving at this new zoo that they placed me in I was bombarded with about five chilums in the the first two hours. It's quite beautiful and unbelievable how everyone's turning on in front of the screws and not an eyelash is batted. It's something like a cross between a boy scout camp and a tantric yoga monastery.

Even private visiting rooms with beds in them to cure us of any thoughts about celibacy. They also treat us like humans which is a surprise on everyone's preconceived conceptions of life in a chicken coop. Cock-a-doodle-do.

My monastic life is passable, in two weeks a friend from Amsterdam is driving up with all my music equipment. Long live rock n roll.

I hate to rub in the looseness or in big words, permissiveness here, but this recent prank's too funny not to tell:

As I'm sure all zoo's have a system whereby if one of the animals is a naughty child then they receive a report. This in turn translates to a slap on the wrist or a small fine or a few days or weeks in the hole. Well, anyhow this Libyan cat here who blew up his country's embassy in protest over a fucked up regime, was sitting in a room with three other cats passing around the sacred sh-t when in walked a chicken sh-t pig to deliver some type of message to one of the guys. Well this cat didn't like the idea that he didn't knock first before entering (ha! ha! too much already) so he thencewith took a big drag and pooff!! exhaled it all into piggie's face. One piggy turn-em red in face, walk out and proceed to write up report. Next day he's called to head zoo keeper, this old quack is 75 years old, white hair and beard, "hmmm, I see here that you blew smoke in Mr. X's face, wellll don't pick on the pigs and don't do it again or else you'll have to pay a 25 kronor fine" Wham, blam, zam, jam. Isn't that too much!

Really if someone did an official medical-psychological paper on the restraint of agressiveness and negativity amongst prisoners who are allowed to smoke the sacrement and spread the paper out to the rest of the world's jails maybe it would open some eyes.....

I have three mary-quite-contrary-jane bushes that are two months old today and already a foot high. Right in my little own room there flowering. Hi to thee from them.

IN YOUR ROOM
By B.J.

I come armored
Knowing
I'll be in your presence
For too short a time

'Til you shred the silence
With the hammer of your words
And the wail of your actions

I come armored

'Til you blast my universe
With the trumpet of disorder
And I leave shaken, discordant

Until I come again armored
Knowing
I'll be in your presence
For too short a time

# THE PLEASURES OF DIETING
BY Kathy Kelly

I have decided after several years of being the object of good-natured badgering by my friends and family to take their advice just to prove them wrong. I really cannot understand how they have reached such a ridiculous conclusion that I should go on a diet. After all who should know myself and my food needs better than I? Why can these people not see what I know is true--that my figure is already perfect, obviously they need glasses! When my small-boned frame of 4 feet, 11 inches of height is perfectly suited to my 285 lbs. My full length mirror in which I see my measurements of 48-58-72 in my new bikini reflects a vision of exquisite loveliness.

However, now I am glad I took their advice for dieting must be the most pleasant experience of a persons life. It fills all twenty-four hours of your life, no one has slept so perfectly until they sleep with cheeseburgers, french fries, double chocolate malts and banana splits dancing and playing through their subconscious all night.

As I am enrolled in an exclusive private school for girls with excellent chefs, it helps add to my dieting pleasures. In our dining room where I enjoy gourmet meals at a table with two friends I dine in pleasure. Take Sunday dinner for example, on my right Toni was served pheasant under glass which she seemed to enjoy, with a very dry white sauturne wine. Ann on my left stuffed herself with an extra large Lobster Thermidor, with a carafe of Mateuse. They had no idea of the pleasures they were missing as I munched on my celery and carrot stick tidbits followed by a delicious main course of lettuce whose rich flavor was unspoiled by the taste of a creamy dressing, and while sipping on my soda water I wondered of dessert--what would it be tonight? The maid has cleared the dishes and dessert has arrived. Toni and Ann have sitting in front of them what looks to be red mountains covered with snow caps, which turn out to be extremely large, revolting looking messes of cake, filled with fresh strawberries and gobs of whipping cream, while in my dainty china dish are six of the most satisfying deep red grapes which my eyes have ever seen or my taste buds enjoyed.

That evening while lounging around our living room watching television, Toni munched on a five lb. box of chocolates and fresh popcorn saturated in melted butter. Ann working on a large chocolate cake and a large bowl of cashew nuts started to make hot chocolate. Finishing my tiny bit size cheese snack I retired to sleep, to dream of my dancing cheeseburgers and french fries, my night of rest in my newly found pleasure of dieting.

TIGHTWIRE BOOK REVIEW
By Nancy Ward-Armour

WOMENS EVOLUTION by Evelyn Reed

Evelyn Reed is a noted Anthropologist and champion of Women's rights. Considered to be a radical, she stands out in her field, as a damn intelligent person who does her homework and tells it like it is and was, regardless of the taboos involved.

This intriguing book takes us on a journey into the dawn of human existence. Twenty years of research into the theory of matriarchal rule poses the question, "would society be better off if women once again held the reins of power?" This book does not condemn male supremacy, only shows us an alternative that came from our beginnings and seemingly worked a hell of a lot better. It also leaves us wondering how we gave this power to the male species in the first place and for what reason?

The book also clears one question up in my mind, "Why do male anthropologists relate very little data on Matriarchy to society?"

This Pathfinder paperbook was printed in 1975 in New York and Toronto.

WOMEN IN CHINA by Katie Curtin

Women in China is written by a young Canadian woman who obviously put a lot of research and hard work into the status of women in China since the early days of the Revolution. She uncovers the truths behind some of the age old myths of oriental women. The bound foot theory which we all believed to have been done to enhance the dainty carriage of the upper class female was a cruel deformation to ensure their women did not run away.

Women were lower in status than cattle, and not so well cared for. They were bought, sold, traded then worked till they died like galley slaves.

Suicide ran very high as an only out.

How has the situation improved today? Women were needed as were every available and willing participant to ensure the success of the early Revolution. They fought and died as soldiers in the belief they would finally win the equality that was justly theirs. They have progressed tremendously out of the dark ages and into the beginnings of women's equality. They have fallen far short of their goal.

Women are still treated as a lesser being as they are all over the world. A lot of this can be blamed on fear and ignorance. The majority of the blame can be placed squarely where it belongs; on the shoulders of a society that cannot shake the traditional ideals of male supremacy rule. "A book that all women should read and not throw aside lightly."

The above and many other books have been donated to KP4W through the courtesy of Pathfinder Press. The books can be found in the local library any day except weekends between 9:00 - 4:00.

# JUNK FOOD JUNKIES
by B.J.

One of the saddest songs on the radio is the one about the junk food eater who tries to get into the health food thing but surreptitiously gobbles down junk foods whenever he gets the opportunity. It is sad in that it reflects the affect advertising has over our reason. Reason says Coca Cola eats the enamel off our teeth and its acid burns out stomache linings. Advertisement says Coke is "the real thing." This and much more is covered in FOOD FOR PEOPLE NOT FOR PROFIT. I first read this book a few months ago and was so impressed I went around for days afterwards in a space of anger and indignation. The book reveals all kinds of facts and incidents about FOOD nutrition and production policies and their affect on health, hunger and global affairs.

This sourcebook on the food crisis gives such frightening accounts as:

--- Women dressed in nurses uniforms selling mothers of unindustrialized countries on the merits of canned baby formula over breast feeding in their successful campaign to rack up more sales for the company. The native women eager to emulate a fat healthy "Gerber Baby" quickly buy the magic formula. Unable to afford the specified quantity to mix it properly, the mothers cut it with too much water so that their babies are fed whitened water plus the lack of adequate sanitation makes bottle feeding a health hazard. Gerbers makes more money and the children of the poor suffer malnutrition.

--- There are millions of people on the planet who are victims of malnutrition. They have so little resistance in their bodies that even the common cold can leave them vulnerable to death.

--- Because their young are so vulnerable to death, the poor have many children. This is nature's way of insuring survival of the race.

--- One-third of the world's population eat two-thirds of the world's food supply.

--- Americans eat so much more protein than they need that they could reduce their livestock population by one-quarter and still feed every one of them a half pound of meat a day--enough to meet their entire protein allowance from meat alone (not to mention the protein they also get from dairy and grain products, beans, nuts and vegetables).

--- Peoples in the industrialized nations feed their livestock as much grain as all the people in China and India eat in a year.

--- The average North American uses five times the resources of water, soil, energy and fertilizer to eat than does the average Nigerian, Columbian or Indian.

--- The biggest recipients of food aid have gone to US allies in Southeast Asia and the Middle East rather than to nations with more

serious hunger problems. For example in 1973 Cambodia South Vietnam and South Korea got 67% of the food aid grants while Indonesia got 8%, Pakistan 6% and Bangladesh 5%. In 1974 South Korea's share feel to 1% in alignment with their fall from favor.

--- North American farmers who once relied on DDT (banned in December 1972) are now using organophosphate pesticides. One organophosphate pesticide is methyl parathion, one of the deadliest poisons known. One drop on your skin can cause convulsions, coma and death.

--- The impact of industrial corporations (Agribusiness) on the food market is such that a North American meal's turkey is from Greyhound, the ham from ITT, the vegetable salad from Tenneco, lettuce from Dow Chemical, potatoes from Boeing, roast from John Hancock Mutual Life, strawberries from Purex and after-dinner almonds from Getty Oil. These agribusinesses have virtually chased the small farmer off the market.

--- Agribusinesses and the US Food and Drug Administration, the agency set up to regulate food policies and their enforcement, frequently exchange personnel thereby the interests of the agribusinesses are served by the Food and Drug Administration.

A section in the back of the book deals with action ideas which are obviously political but "whether you choose to become an active member of a consumer organization, lobby your parliament member for more food aid to needy nations, help set up a food cooperative in your community, or LEARN HOW TO EAT LOW OFF THE FOOD CHAIN, you are making a political decison."

FOOD FOR PEOPLE NOT FOR PROFIT is one of several books sent us by Dolph Fursee of Fortuna, California. His way of helping inmates keep informed on the world about them. The book is available in the Tightwire Library.

WITH SYMPATHY
By Beda Berndtsson

I am not fooled by you, nor the faces you wear. The heart cries for love, but where?? Daily I cry inside, that I thought I could believe. I see roses because I choose to see them knowing full well that roses also come from the stem. Your laughter's like the sound of gaiety and peace. Yes! We laugh but security we have least.

I expose my 1,000 masks everytime I speak. I talk hard and tough so you'll think I'm not weak. Not even love can touch me anymore. For the damage is too much, the wound is still sore.

My walls are not prison bars for I can escape but... only for a little while for when my dreams are gone "I awake" just to find a trembling child inside. I cover and pretend I've never cried. I too speak words I don't want you to hear. Words to hurt me - hurt you - words that sear. I tried once 1,000 times that year. "God" how I waited to hear someone say: you need not fear. But in this plastic world of ugly plastic people you cannot hold me...No, I am not to blame, that I mimic a moth seeking death against the flame.

I cannot hold my hand to you, I have not the strength. Who is strong? Are you to hold at length? I cannot wipe away your tear, now my feet have fled. I cannot make you alive when I myself am dead. I cannot break them down, your walls, when mine are growing tall in here.

Weak I claw at life growing ever tired...I cannot remove your mask; I cannot remove my own. I see you--I pass you by--we fight our fights alone. You know what you search for "I hope you find." Not so for me for I stumble and I'm blind.

Be merciful, please listen to what I've said. See... my masks are gone for now, I lay on my death bed
Did you hear?
Were you listening?
There is no other way...
I beg you, please listen!!!
To these things I did not say.

BEWARE THE COMMIE CONS
By Nancy Ward-Armour

The nerve of these foreigners and their damn manipulative ideas designed to undermine the very heart of our economy. The North American economy depends on the gas eating motor car. The automobile is the root of our existence and I for one will not stand idly by while Europeans try to connive ways to introduce something as silly and seemingly harmless as a bicycle.

REMEMBER THE LESSON OF THE WOODEN HORSE: It also appeared as a harmless gift and resulted in the total destruction of the Trojans. No sir, we are not that stupid; as long as we have alert personnel on staff who can spot an infiltrator anywhere.

One typical commy in the disguise of an inmate-student did not slip through the ranks as planned. Nipped in the bud in an attempt to purchase an ordinary looking bicycle to attend University is certainly a low blow to an establishment who granted her (out of their concerned generosity) the permission to attend one of our very own Canadian Schools of Learning. No doubt she did not know the inevitable harm and chaos the instituting of bicycles would cause.

Her story is she wanted to purchase it from a young oriental chap for $30. The fact that it is her own money and would aid in transportation does not alter the added fact that the purchase from a third world (communist at that) country would thus stimulate their economy and help in the rampant spread of communism throughout our Universities and inevitably the whole country.

THE DOMINOES THEORY: We were forewarned about the fall of small countries with relatively no military defence to the influx of communism. Here is a classic example of how a small relatively harmless looking cell can manipulate a trusting generous big brother. Soon all Day Parolees would want a bicycle, then all full parolees, even those on mandatory. The country would be over run with bicycles. We would have no room on the streets. Our transportation lines would eventually be disrupted and the country would be immobile. We all know what happens then. The RED THREAT would engulf and consume us unmercifully. And we with only bicycles to escape on.

ECOLOGICAL THREAT: Not only would these bicycles take over our roads but think of the valuable parklands that would be paved over to make parking lots to accomodate them. It would start, no doubt with our baseball diamond, and that is where I take my stand, and in no time spread to the surrounding staff parking lot. From there to the city parks and after that, it is too devastating to even think about.

NIP IT IN THE BUD: Yes sir, we must nip this threat in the very bud. No bicycles for Day Parolees. Canada beware the manipulative communist cons.....

By Sue Monkley

Tell me what does love consist of
Mainly hurt
Not physical hurt
But the kind of hurt
One can't describe
The kind that makes
Me cry
It clutches the heart
With a endless hold
That makes one cry and
Wish that life would end

Then the happy
Side of love
A word
A kiss
A smile
All little things
Yet they mean so much
Three small words
I love you
Small words
Yet they can change
A cry to a smile
Pain to happiness

# HOW TO WIN AT THE PAROLE GAME...TRY PYRAMID POWER

By Nancy Ward-Armour

The jails across Canada are getting full to the brim, including P4W. They will soon have to find ways to make room for newcomers, and mainly parole violaters. Therefore the odds are that they will have to start giving out paroles again. (Sorry NPS, my mistake, you have been giving some.)

For those who want to climb on the bandwagon, here are some helpful hints. First, one must come up with a suitable plan. Suitable, usually means that the plan, to be foolproof, must be one that is not worn out no matter how good it is.

Next, one must choose a destination that is suitable. Suitable is not where your home is, or where you were busted. Suitable is usually a place that is the "in place" for parolees or one that has not been overused. The plan should be unique. One that has punch and imagination, coupled with promises of good job prospects and little chance at getting pinches again. Or worse, have guilty thought in the eyes of the parole board. And for a final touch of "power" on the side of inmate applicant, try placing your parole papers inside a pyramid for at least two weeks prior to mailing.

Here are some pre-assembled parole plans. Under each heading, choose one answer, and combine all these in order for a do-it-yourself-parole package.

REASON FOR APPLYING: (1) To be a picneer in the far north. (2) To be cabinet minister in the Trudeau Government. (3) To be a union leader for CUPE. (4) To help build the Olympic Stadium. (5) To run a halfway house in the far north for ex-cabinet ministers. (6) To become a recidivist and help push through the Peace and Security Bill. (7) To aid in the disarming of the citizens and installing wire-taps, after the Peace and Security Bill passes Parliament.

DESTINATION: (1) Far North (2) Ottawa (3) Montreal.

ACCOMODATIONS: (1) Houseboat made of discarded Argus Aircraft. (2) Parliament Buildings (after Parliament is abolished). (3) Homes of citizens. (After their arrest for not turning in their guns or letting them be stolen). (4) Sussex Drive (after the army overthrows the new dictator). (5) Army Bases (after the people revolt against the army).

WHY I THINK I SHOULD BE FREE IN SOCIETY: (1) Pierre is. (2) The mayor of Montreal is. (3) The Union Leaders are. (4) Some cabinet ministers are. (5) SkyShops conspirators are. (6) Harbourgate Conspirators are. (7) Watergate Conspirators are. (8) Nixon and Johnson are. (9) What's one more anyway?

# EMOTIONAL TIME BOMB - INCARCERATION

By Julie F.

As you slowly are led back to the cells still numb and insensitive to the legal jargon and the decision that has been made by society pertaining as to where and how long you must be held in bondage,

Your mind clings desperately to the memory of the glistening of tears in your loved ones eyes and the sardonic gleam which perpetuated from the Crown Attorney's.

Was that really me they were dissecting as if an animal with no feelings.

I slowly get up and before the mirror I pause, I search my features for some abnormality that will give these strangers any reason for seeing these vile and cold characteristics. My face stares back without hope with only despair. How can they know me. How can they say that I am a blight to society and care for no one or nothing. I feel the scream welling from deep within but then NO! Don't let them have this final satisfaction. Gulp the air quickly. Throw back the shoulders and let the first trickle of gunpowder enter your veins and strengthen your body and let it be read through only the eyes. Yes hate. Move on to your home provided by the State. Let them subject your body to the indignities of standard procedures and feel yourself rush from this new unknown strength--HATE!!

As each day passes and your mind digs deeper and deeper into your memory banks savour them as they are your only release, your only escape from being dominated completely.

Yes, you may bathe now.

No, you may not write that person.

We do not feel you have the intelligence to be able to distinguish anything for yourself.

So you smile with your lips but your eyes are becoming brittle and glassy as you slowly move down the range. Then comes the strength that has been building and building and quickly and suddenly it engulfs you. With the roar of an animal, from the level that you have been reduced to comes the eruption. RAGE!'

As you stand among the debris and chaos you flit back to that courtroom and as you sway desperately and alone upon your knees, you ask WHY? SOCIETY, WHY DID YOU TEACH ME THIS UNKNOWN QUALITY.

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# THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PATTY PEEK
By nancy ward-armour

When we last left Patty Peek she was trapped in a garbage can with Peter Paranoia, outside was Nicky Narco and his Dastardly Sleazy Crew. Patty had in her possession a party pac of loaded bats which she had to get rid of before Nicky busted the garbage can.

Crouched in the corner of the garbage can, eyes wild with fear, Patty quickly squirted all the anti-sleep evidence into her mouth. Peter, came closer and closer, Nicky and crew started banging and kicking the can, Patty still had the unloaded bats in her possession. Knowing the forces of Peter Paranoia were much stronger than that of Nicky Narco's, Patty made a quick decision. Quick decisions are very hard to make by any Peek Freak!

"Thank you for coming to this clinic of the Red Cross for your much needed blood donation," Patty babbled as she quickly opened the lid of the garbage can.

"But, But," sputtered Nicky quite confused.

"You will have to get in a neat orderly line and wait your turn," stated Patty, climbing out of the can with the bats in hand.

"You're under...," started Nicky.

"Now don't be afraid this won't hurt a bit, sir" said Patty. "I'm sure you don't want your men to think you are afraid of giving blood; you're not against giving blood to the Red Cross are you," asked Patty.

"Of course not" defended Nicky, looking rather sheepish.

"Then you be a brave boy and be first in line, like a good little boy," tempted Patty.

"Ah well, er..," sputtered the by now very confused Nicky.

"Relax, relax," said Patty. "Right this way, climb into the office and get comfortable. With that Patty lifted the lid of the can and Nicky climbed in still bewildered. Patty smiled a "bye now" eyeball on cheek bone, ear to ear, cement set, typical Peek Freak grin and exposed a very sharp menacing looking bat... The dastardly sleazy crew cowered and hid behind a tree, some fainting at the sight of a bat. Patty threw the unloaded bats aside and split down the lane into the back entrance of Tanglewood Tunnels. The anti-sleep serum had driven up; poor Patty was starting to really peek and freak. Patty had one chance to reach the light switch that is as we all know at the far end of the dark limestone tunnel, in order to save herself from the clutches of her arch enemy, Peter Paranoia.

"Excuse me Miss, I'm the Building Safety Inspector," said a booming voice that made Patty jump against the wall, searching for an intelligent answer to such an absurd and probably tricky question, from a voice in the darkness of the tunnels.....

# PUTANA
By Caro Walters

Three hundred miles to go to the border and another hundred beyond, the road flip-flopping under twelve mighty wheels and a truckload of who-knows-what to deliver to an obscure Scottish town. A long lonesome way to earn bread and butter, but what better road to freedom has a man like Mike? Gas station attendants, brisk and efficient fill up his tank, stamp his card and curtly say "morning," and move on to the next revving customer.

Sun glinting off hard tar road surface, refracting mirages creating burning blinding English midday motorway heat..."bloody heat"...groans Mike wiping his face with back of beefy hand, matted hair and stained tee-shirt tightly straining, bulging muscles, bumping in well padded truck seat. Pulling on dark glasses shade his eyes and mirages fade into polaroid duskiness and his wheels eat miles as he whistles through his teeth a familiar top ten tune. Flashing past houses and hedges, trees and traffic a blond slender figure in tight blue jeans attracts his attention and with a glint of delight he sees thumb raised and weighs a choice. Will I...won't I... and he does...pull to a halt and the figure comes slouching, blond hair hanging, big breasts sagging; through his rear view mirror he sees not such a beauty as he thought at first sight, pale and skinny, but just all right.

Leaning over the passenger seat he opens the heavy door and an up-turned face says, "You going through Birmingham, I gotta be there tonight?" Mike grunts in assent and she climbs up and in and he slams the door behind her and tries not to grin; guns the engine...starts eating miles...a short refrain beats a rhythm in his brain, "Mighty whale of a trucker eats small fish for supper" and a small voice beside him says, "What's your name?"

A grunt won't suffice so he tells her "Mike" and she responds, "I'm Putana, from up there" and he doesn't see which way she's pointing but figures she means north, Birmingham.

A muted sob and he sees in a flash sideways glance a huge tear rolling down a bloodless cheek and she whispers above the sound of the powerfully throbbing truck, "I'm hungry and tired and I wanna get home." Articulation comes hard for a man like Mike but he knows how she feels and says, "Another few miles and we'll stop for a meal." Abstract impressions of runaway youngsters lost in the city bombard his mind, and pity takes the place of rape.

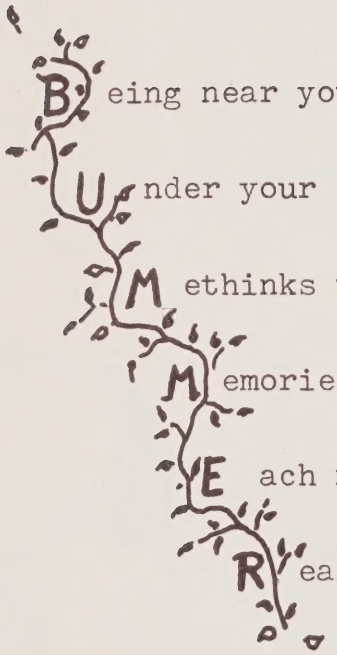
Involved in her sadness he drives on through the day and at truck stop sign blinking, he pulls off the highway. "You stay her girlie and I'll get us some food, don't talk to no one ya hear," and slamming his door he strides off into the clinking clanking jukebox shouting jostling formica and flourescent lit joint and orders big hearty sausages, beer for him and milk for her.

Back in the truck she sits, sad eyes staring and waits hungrily for his return, so weak that she doesn't

even hear his footsteps as he approaches. Dismay at the sight of this bedraggled child transforms his face and traces of compassion fill his being as he climbs in and hands her the food. She speaks and he turns his head, mouth full, eyebrows raised questioningly, "Take a straw and drink my milk with me," and she hands him the cardboard cup with jutting straws and nods and smiles beseechingly. Mike swallows and complies and looks at her eyes and they say "please." So, he takes a straw in his mouth and she takes one in hers and together they drink, and he sees, not understanding a look in her eye that says, "yes...yes... don't...stop...now," and they continue drinking and swallowing... and sweetness fills his body and hers, and he catches sight of a fire in her eyes and sees a radiant beauty spread across her face and catch her hair alight. He relaxes and knows that she will be all right, that her health is not in danger now and feels a satin smoothe sureness that he has helped to quench her need. A complacency that comes from knowing that he has helped someone and that his life has been for some reason, that he has fulfilled some part of the plan...and Putana looks on behind his eyes and sees that he is satisfied and drowsy like a child well fed and flashes her eyes.

She speaks to him now in words well formed, lips not moving but conveying the message of thanks for her life, thanks from her soul; and leaving the straw with lip smeared tip springs lightly down from the truck cabin. Leaving the man, empty, a shell a being that once was, steps onto the highway and raises her thumb.

By Nancy Ward-Armour



Being near you is such bliss

Under your spell we hug and kiss

Methinks you've filled my greatest wish

Memories must be made of this

Each moment, oh what love I feel and then

Reality, as they open that gawd-damn wheel!

This issue's editorial comes from Bruce Beechener, Editor of the Joyceville ADVANCE.

## The Power of the Media and its Influence

By Bruce Beechener

After various discussions with inmates and various people outside the Institutions, I've come to the conclusion that there are an awful lot of people who are influenced by what they read in the newspapers, and other areas of the media. I was extremely surprised at just how ignorant of the fact the average taxpayer is, not even being concerned where their tax money is spent. Not totally surprising was the fact that the average inmate was much more aware of just how foolish some of the taxpayers money is spent. Take for instance the average worker, bringing home a salary of say $12,000 a year which in this day and age is far from being what you'd call financially secure. People in this area are also the majority of our population, and to be quite frank, they are struggling to make ends meet.

The point I'm trying to make is a simple one. The Government, which has its way of solving problems, it usually ends up by making things look good on paper. But, when you really get to the meat of their new ideas, you usually find that the only ones who benefit are the so-called middle class. For example, let's take a look at our legal aid system. We are led to believe, and by we I mean the public also, that this was all started because a lot of people in the lower class could not afford proper representation in the courts. But, let's look at it from another point of view, like for instance, there were an awful lot of middle class people who were suddenly taking an interest in becoming lawyers. Bear in mind that this was a situation that had to be handled just right. Now the Government was faced with looking after the middle class interests, yet the Government said well we'll give the lower class people a break. We'll supply them with free legal aid, which I might add that the taxpayer ends up paying for. At this time there were a lot of lawyers having a tough time making a decent living themselves but this helped solve the problem. Now they had a lot of action, and why not? All the big named lawyers, instead of two or three helpers around the office, they now could afford to have six or seven. I mean, let's face it, how many times have you requested a well known lawyer, and found that he was too busy to take your case, "but" he would send someone from his office to look after you? Who cares how smart the replacement was? No one but the poor guy gets stuck with him. But what could he do about it? Nothing, but it sure gives the replacement a chance to get some experience from the poor guy that was on trial's expense.

# EX CONS ARE NOT COVERED BY HUMAN RIGHTS CODE!

by nancy ward-armour

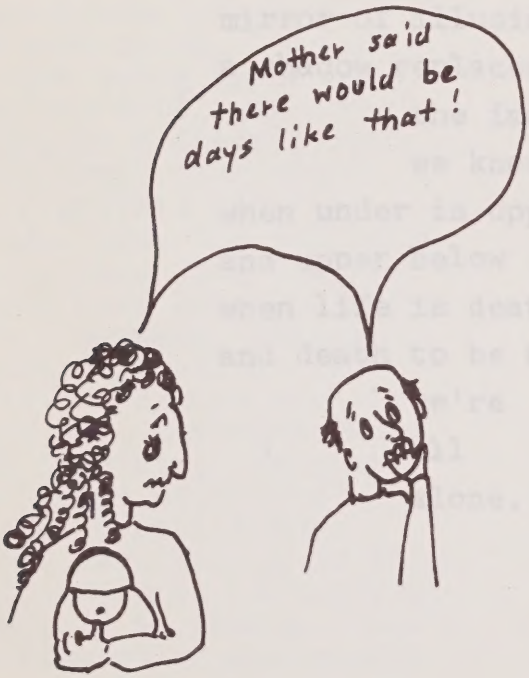
Sitting in front of me is a letter from the Women's Program Division, Ontario Department of the Ministry of Labour. (See Ego Builders and Breakers). In the third paragraph is the statement, "As the law stands, women such as yourselves may be denied jobs, training, promotions, transfers or housing because of your jail records."

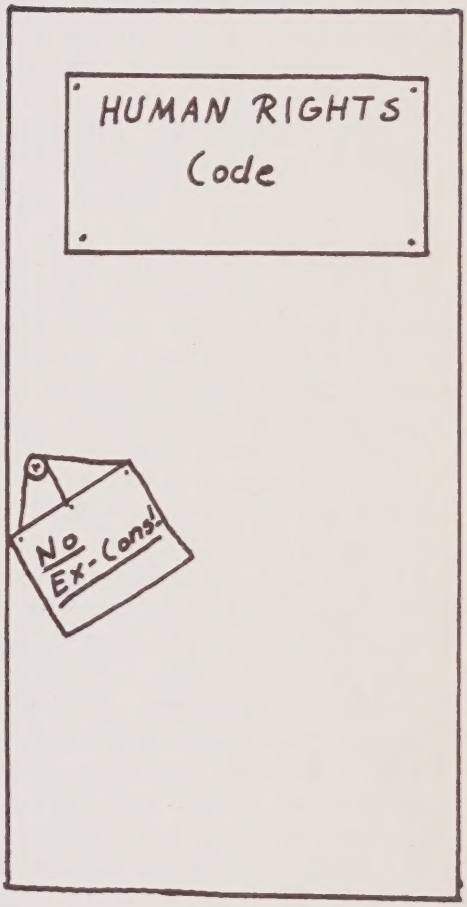
As a woman, mother and sole support of my child, when I am released I will find the way a little rougher. I tested this theory out last summer while I lived at the Halfway House on day-parole. I had learned from a friend that I would find it hard to obtain a decent apartment. I scoffed at this as I have good references with former landlords. I also have a good work record with former employers, why, I thought would I have any problems? I put in several applications for apartments. I have lived in this city for a number of years and have never been arrested here. However, the majority of decent apartment buildings, have a screening process to go through before you are accepted. I also found that nearly all the buildings are now owned by corporations with their own rental agencies. I checked out my references before I applied. I also had the help of an editor of a small weekly newspaper who vouched for me, re: employment. In short, every part of the very long application form was filled in at several agencies. At each agency, we placed a down payment of two months' rent and a one hundred dollar deposit. At each agency, within two to three days I was refused. The first interview always went very receptively they assured me everything appeared proper and even showed me the apartment I would receive. The no always came very bluntly, with an overall change of attitudes towards me. I enquired as to the reason for refusal at each place. I never received one. I tried forcing the issue by asking to speak to the members who were the decision makers. Again a dead-end. I was pretty sure of the reason why. Many ex-cons have been through the same in this area recently. Most have found it necessary to have someone else do the renting. Or for men, their wives will apply if they have no record. Some get their parents to rent for them. Another way to beat the system is through sublets. A lot of sublets can go through the superintendent. You move in as a roomate and then start taking over payments. This does not always work, but is worth a try. The areas that are easy to rent in are: slum buildings; run down areas; private one-owner buildings; and flats and apartments in private homes. As you can see the choice is not the best. Most of these latter dwellings are in areas of the city that are overcrowded, without proper playgrounds and parks for children and with the exception of a few, the maintenance of these buildings are very poor.

Once again the inmate finds she/he is not free after serving their time. We will continue to pay for our offence over and over in many small ways. Society is ensuring us that our family and children will be punished right along with us.

Societies' laws have placed us in a double bind. We will have to use deceit and trickery to obtain the necessities afforded other citizens. We are expected to live by the rules and laws of society, yet, are denied the privileges. It is not much encouragement with the knowledge that the Human Rights Code does not apply to ex cons.

"Pierre Trudeau, your 'just society' is just a bunch of crap!" I'll continue to be one of those you have to pay $14,000 a year to keep, that is when and if you catch me again.....



MAYA
By Marcella Levi

The illusion of the self
is no more
courageously disposing of
the hot seat
yesterday's smile
reflected by
mirror of illusions
a shadow replaces
the images
we know
when under is upper
and upper below
when life is death
and death to be born
we're
all
alone.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR
By B.J.

Since we inmates are always complaining about what's wrong with the prison system, I thought I'd ask for some constructive criticism in the form of the following question. IF YOU WERE DIRECTOR OF THIS INSTITUTION WHAT CHANGES, OTHER THAN LETTING EVERYONE OUT THE DOOR, WOULD YOU MAKE TO IMPROVE THE PRISON ENVIRONMENT AND WHY?

"I would want three classes of people. (1) The first timers, (2) repeaters of three and four times, (3) the old-timers who have done more than 4 bits. They definitely should not be mixed. I am a firm believer in hard work. I would like to see it run more like an army. The staff should not be matrons but officers, sergeants and we would have a rank in the army and could work ourselves up to a higher position. We would have hard work to do, lots of exercise like being up in the morning before 6:00 a.m., no back-talking to officers, just like in the army. You would start out a private and work yourself up. And, the sentences should be no more than two years. Two years of hard labor is quite sufficient. Farming, hiking, jogging, all physical outlets. If there is not enough work in the farming then the time could be made up in hiking, jogging, etc. This would eliminate fights, lesbian activities, and the need for leaning on drugs. Punishment should be the same as in the army; if an inmate doesn't want to follow rules she should be confined to K.P. duty or put in the brig. Rise in rank determines privileges such as T.A.'s. I really feel people in here have too much time to think that they use to get into sh-t or whatever and I think a majority of us are here because we can't follow a pattern or get ourselves into a routine. And, I think a hard army training would do it. I think we'd think twice about coming back."

"Immediate action. I'd just put them (inmates) out of their misery and shoot them down!"

"I would stop the extreme timing regulations such as going to bed at 11:00 p.m., etc. It's the responsibility of the inmate. If she wants to stay up late at night to watch the late show then she should be able to. It's her responsibility to get up in the morning and go to work. That's how it is on the street. And another thing, I would get rid of some of the staff because of their attitudes toward inmates. The, "you're an inmate, a prisoner, and you do as I say," type thing. People should be able to do their time the way they want to do it. If a person doesn't want to get rehabilitated such as being responsible enough to get up and go to work, who gives a sh-t. Let the inmate sit around and do her time the way she wants to."

"I would provide more social events, social activities; more opportunities to learn something that would be of an advantage when the inmate leaves. I'd put in more programs designed to teach semi-skilled jobs"

"I would turn all the prisons into mental institutions and change the labelled classification of the inmates from that of criminal to that of the mentally insane."

"I think there should be more activities like if a girl gets hyper she can go out and take it out in the gym. Things like barbells, weight lifting. Really heavy exercises to do."

"Well, for one thing I would iniate more training for jobs that are beneficial to a person upon being released, e.g. reupholstering, practical nursing bookbinding, real estate and whatever would be of interest to an inmate. I would put more emphasis on rehabilitation particularly for first offenders. The first offenders you can still get to and help them before it's too late. They should be given lots of psychiatric and therapy work. No passing the buck. Open communication between the Director and the women. A special time should be set aside, maybe two times a week, two hours each to spend meeting with inmates. Repairs through the whole building. The physical structure needs to be repaired so an inmate can take pride in where she lives. If you've got a room that's just been painted you're going to take care of it and show some kind of pride."

"Well, looking at the question seriously, the first change I'd press for would be living unit cottages with more spacious facilities. But, since that wouldn't happen during my directorship, I'd turn to other things. It's not feasible to consider replacing the entire staff so I would require staff (sociological, clerical, custodial, administrative) to meet in monthly sessions during the evenings. These sessions would be patterned after the Life Skills course except tailored especially for prison personnel. The emphasis would be on widening perspectives, attitudinal changes, increasing their verbal skills and emotional security. I would add a team of psychologists and therapists to the staff or hire them on a part-time basis to do intensive assessments on new inmates. At least a month should be spent testing, interviewing new inmates to determine their strengths, weaknesses and potentials. From that assessment the inmate should be enrolled in a program designed to help her seriously cope with life or point her toward some meaningful (to her) direction or goal. I would make it mandatory that every inmate be taught how to read and write before being released. All inmates would be enrolled in the school (full time or part time) if they didn't have their grade 13 certificate or equivalent education. I would divide the inmates into groups of 8 to 10 who would be assigned to a group leader. Each group should contain an assortment of different interests and views and should meet weekly with the group leader. The groupleader should give encouragement, advice, and be genuinely interested in the well-being of the inmates assigned to her/him. My emphasis would be on the staff developing their own human potential so they could be examples for inmates to emulate."

"I don't think the environment can be improved within the confines of a prison. I think prisons should be eradicated and an entirely different alternative to prisons should be found for dealing with society's offenders. So, there is really nothing that a Director can do to improve prisons. Nothing he does or does not do can improve conditions within the prison because we are still incarcerated and it is a totally futile existence."

"Unfortunately the position of Director is a puppet for Ottawa, they pull the strings and he hops. But, I would strive for a less structured setting. More personalized communications. Letting the inmate know what and how administration views her personally and give the inmate the opportunity to view her opinions to the administration. Inmates should have the say in dealing with decisions that affect them rather than having decisions made without their input. Whenever a decision is made affecting an individual inmate, for example Inmate Training Board, etc. that inmate should be there to represent herself. Then not only would the inmate know what the administration is up against in terms of decision making and policy but the administration would know what the inmate is up against. And you can't know these things unless the dealings are made on a one-to-one basis. Just like in a business on the street, if you're promoted or demoted you are called in asked for an input and faced with the decision."

"I'd give everybody a splif (cigar sized joint) three times a day. And then I'd let them hang around in the grass in the sunshine. I would put in a bar in the gym, have all night porno movies, professional masseuses hired, a sauna, I would provide males with, males without, females with, females without, an Olympic sized swimming pool--with water--that can be turned into a skating rink in the winter, water beds and water pipes in every room and Grateful Dead concerts every Saturday night. And, people who want may stay here forever...it's cool because it's paid by the Government. I would give 31-day passes per inmate per month except in September, April, June, November and Feb."

INMATE SHOWS INTELLIGENCE--A "NO NO"
By Nancy Ward-Armour

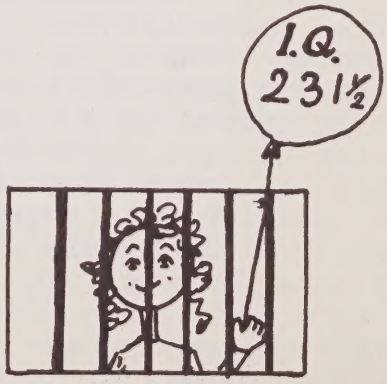
"When will inmates learn they must hide their intelligence from envious members of our controlling beaucratic keepers."

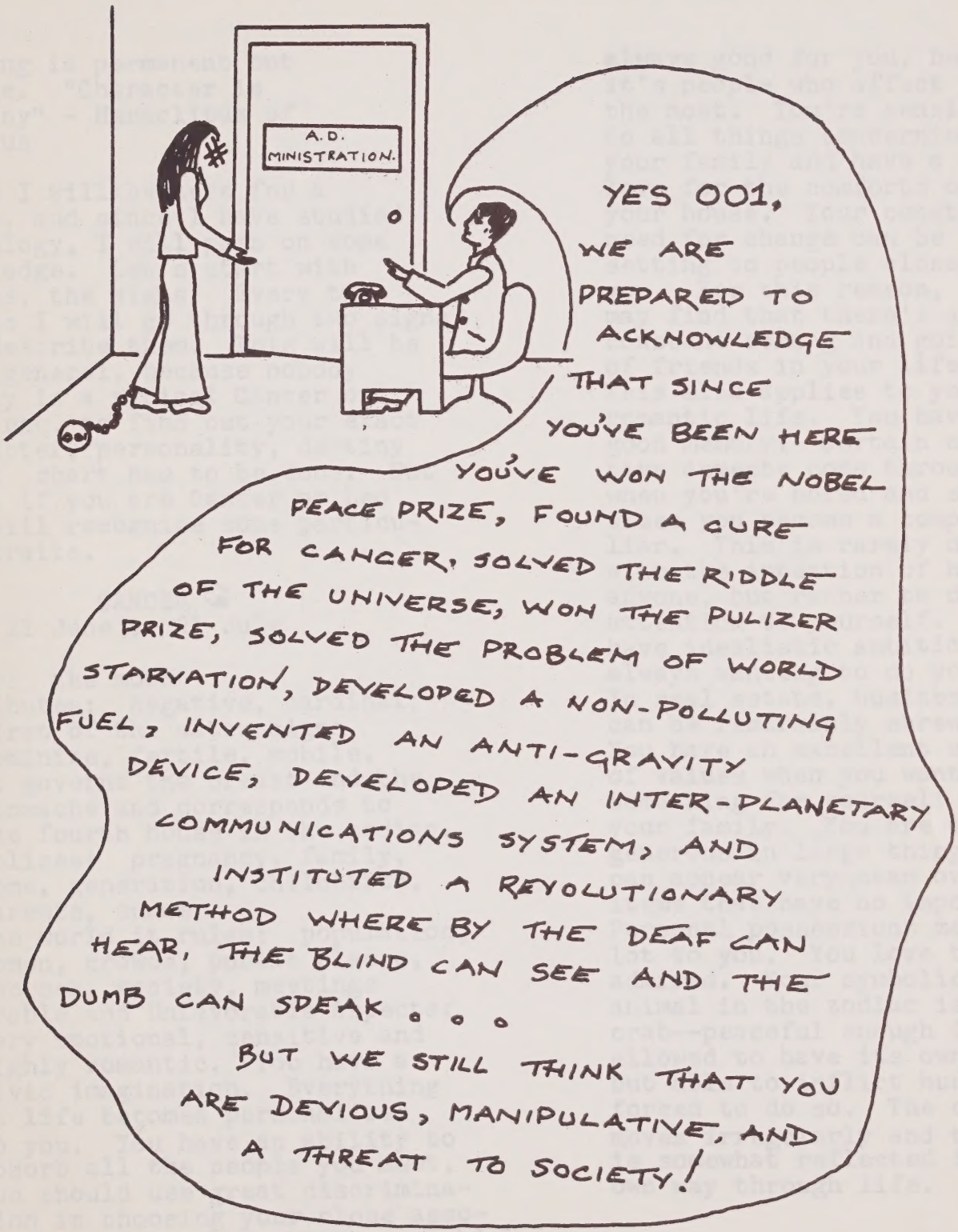
After winning back deportable passes, we have yet to be trusted with an unescorted pass for a deportable. However, the Parole Board has seen fit to grant temporary day parole to deportables to attend university. One of these women had her unescorted pass cancelled after the Inmate Training Board had already approved it. It seems they had second doubts at the last minute and as the inmate was waiting at the gate to be released was told she could not go out that day.

Reasons given were very dubious. And very varied. "They don't trust her." They feel she has given them a snow job all along. (She was too good! Only charge, that of brushing her teeth after eleven.) With that horrid blemish on her prison record she should be lashed no doubt. As she uses a higher vocabulary than most staff can comprehend she has been accused of looking down her nose at them. I am safe in the writing of this article as I can assume they cannot read it. Wow! I can go to town now. And all along I thought they could read and write and even converse the way we do. Now I get it, we are being jailed and punished for our intelligence. With my record I must be a genius.

For all newcomers to the prison for women, here is a little tip that is tried and true of this place for years. "Be a complete rang. Disobey all orders, be mouthy, pushy and use only one syllable words. Above all do not be reasonable or use discretion." This attitude should be kept up for a few months and then pull the big change. Be super cooperative. They will then feel that they have been the cause of your rehabilitation... which is what they actually believe they are supposed to do. Above all remember that they never credit an inmate with being a sane, intelligent, educated or rational being. We are all incapable spoiled children in their eyes and must act accordingly or get screwed accordingly.

Yes, I am glad to see that the prison system has lived up to my expectations. Knowing their capabilities they were not high, in fact, they were not anything. As I close this article, I am amused to notice an insignia on the front top of the Solicitor General's Department, official garbage truck...read it the next time you see one..it says, HEIL...




A.D.
MINISTRATION.
YES 001,
WE ARE
PREPARED TO
ACKNOWLEDGE
THAT SINCE
YOU'VE BEEN HERE
YOU'VE WON THE NOBEL
PEACE PRIZE, FOUND A CURE
FOR CANCER, SOLVED THE RIDDLE
OF THE UNIVERSE, WON THE PULIZER
PRIZE, SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF WORLD
STARVATION, DEVELOPED A NON-POLLUTING
FUEL, INVENTED AN ANTI-GRAVITY
DEVICE, DEVELOPED AN INTER-PLANETARY
COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM, AND
INSTITUTED A REVOLUTIONARY
METHOD WHERE BY THE DEAF CAN
HEAR, THE BLIND CAN SEE AND THE
DUMB CAN SPEAK . . .
BUT WE STILL THINK THAT YOU
ARE DEVIOUS, MANIPULATIVE, AND
A THREAT TO SOCIETY!

# TIGHTWIRE ASTROLOGY
By D. Frederica Martin

Nothing is permanent but change. "Character is destiny" - Heraclitus of Ephesus

Since I will be here for a while, and since I have studied Astrology, I will pass on some knowledge. Let's start with basics, the signs. Every two months I will go through two signs and describe them. This will be very general, because nobody really is a typical Cancer or Leo, etc. to find out your exact character, personality, destiny a nat chart has to be done. But still if you are Cancer or Leo you will recognize some particular traits.

## CANCER ♋
21 June to 21 July

Ruler: the moon
Attributes: negative, cardinal, first of the water signs, feminine, fertile, mobile. It governs the breast and the stomache and corresponds to the fourth house in the zodiac.
Symbolizes: pregnancy, family, home, generation, childbirth, parents, summer
In the world it rules: population, women, crowds, public places, the sea, society, meetings
Favorable and Unfavorable Aspects: Very emotional, sensitive and highly romantic. You have a vivid imagination. Everything in life becomes personalized to you. You have an ability to absorb all the people you meet, you should use great discrimination in choosing your close associates. Your curious nature, which is also sympathetic, draws you to all types of people. This isn't always good for you, because it's people who affect you the most. You're sensitive to all things concerning your family and have a deep love for the comforts of your house. Your constant need for change can be upsetting to people close to you. For this reason, you may find that there's a constant coming and going of friends in your life. This also applies to your romantic life. You have a good memory. Certain negative aspects come through when you're bored and sometimes you become a compulsive liar. This is rarely done with the intention of hurting anyone, but rather to draw attention to yourself. You have idealistic ambitions always wanting to do your best. In real estate, business you can be remarkably shrewd. You have an excellent sense of values when you want something for yourself or your family. You are over generous in large things but can appear very mean over items that have no importance. Personal possessions mean a lot to you. You love to be admired. Your symbolic animal in the zodiac is the crab--peaceful enough if allowed to have its own way, but able to inflict hurt if forced to do so. The crab moves irregularly and this is somewhat reflected in your own way through life.

LEO ♌
22 July to 21 August

Ruler: the sun, the life giving force
Attributes: Positive, fixed, fire sign, masculine, sterile, animal. It governs the hearth, the back, and spinal marrow. It corresponds to the fifth house in the zodiac.
Symbolizes: fire, dryness, enthusiasm, domination, hot countries, wild animals.
In the world it rules: children, love affairs, education, entertainment, glory, artistic celebrity
Favorable and Unfavorable aspects: You delight in all the vital spheres of life. Limited finances upset you more than anything else, for you have the ability to enjoy the best of this world in food, drink, your home and other pleasures. You can be very proud. Passionate in your emotions and professionally ambitious. If you're able to fulfill the high potential of your sign, you're a born leader. You are prepared to fight for your rights, which often leads to the idea of the Leo being "pushy" and "overbearing." You have the ability to recover from illnesses with little time for convalescence. Pride is necessary to you, you are quite capable of throwing out an unmistakeable insult if provoked. You can forgive easily--without going so far as to fully forget. In business, you can be intensely practical and hard-headed. You have a direct way of thinking. You stick to your principles. You can be very dramatic.

Your symbolic animal in the zodiac is the lion who must know a form of personal freedom if he's to show his main attributes of fearlessness and strength. The lion is respected by his fellow animals, they may not understand him and many will fear him, but he is mainly left alone.

By Rachel Laplante Schendegast

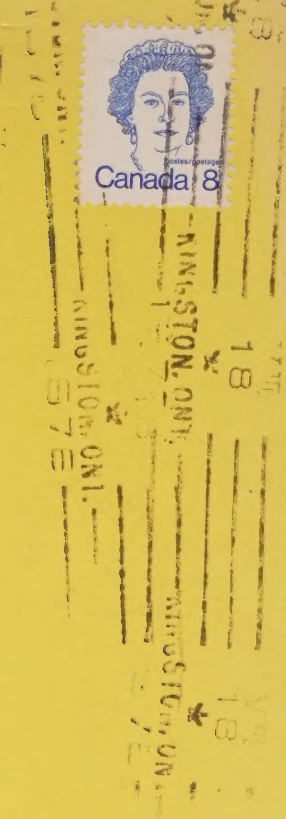
"What is this life if full of care
You have no time to stand and stare?"
A tramp wrote that and Davies was his name;
I always liked the lines and thought the same

For I was always full of carking care
And never got a chance to stand and stare
I had to worry about paying bills
For rent, and gas, and such like ills

Now I'm in jail and should be free of care
All day I sit and stand and stare
But there is nothing to stare at in jail
So all my staring is of no avail

That's just the way things go in life
When you have cheese you have no knife
When you have knife you have no cheese
When you may scratch you have no fleas

When you have fleas you may not scratch
When you have fags you have no match
When you have match you have no fag
In everything there is a snag

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